

# SEE HOW THE TURKEY GROWS

BY JOHN GRIFFIN

ILLUSTRATED BY  
MARK RAITHEL



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Missouri Department of Conservation



Momma turkey made her nest  
in some low brush and some grass.  
She had to lay some eggs soon,  
so she had to work real fast.

She clicked and kelped. She laid six eggs.  
She sat on them for weeks.  
Until one day Momma turkey  
heard five little “peeps.”





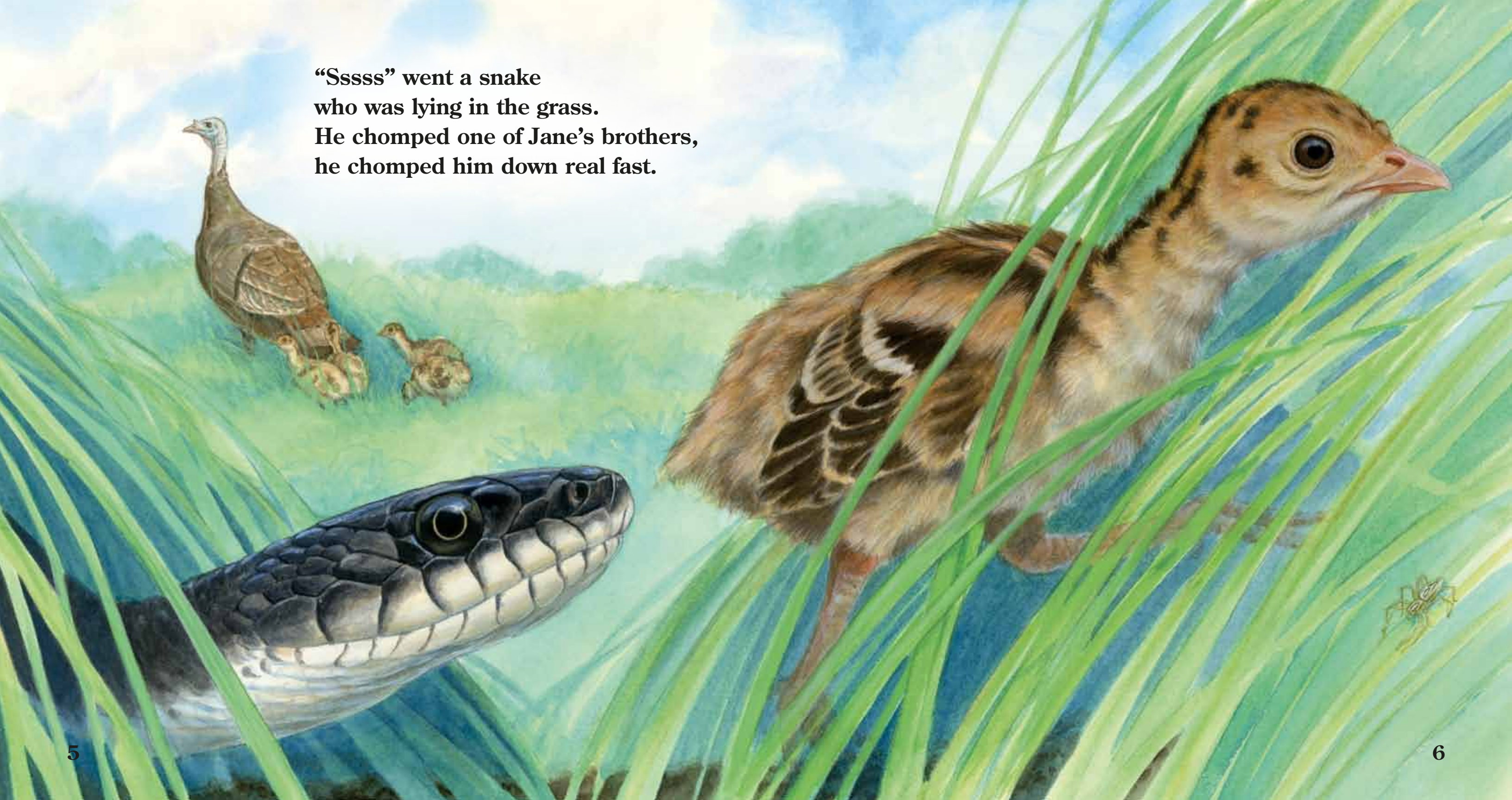
**One egg didn't hatch.  
It got wet from the rain,  
but five turkeys made it,  
and one was named Jane.**



**Jane and the others followed  
Momma through the weeds.  
They were very watchful  
as they chomped bugs and seeds.**



**“Sssss” went a snake  
who was lying in the grass.  
He chomped one of Jane’s brothers,  
he chomped him down real fast.**







Four little turkeys left,  
more watchful than before.  
Along came a red fox  
and chomped up one more.



Jane and the other two,  
they would scratch and dig,  
uncovering bugs and acorns,  
they began to grow real big.


Soon it was fall,  
and the leaves turned brown.  
Along came a hunter,  
walking all around.





He waited for the turkeys.  
BOOM, went his gun.  
He saw all the turkeys,  
but he only shot one.





Then the winter snow came.  
It covered up the ground.  
It covered up the turkeys' food,  
so none could be found.







The winter got Jane's mother.  
It got her brother, too.  
But Jane scratched up some acorns  
so she made it through.







Now only Jane was left.  
She was all alone.  
But soon the warmth of spring came,  
and she was nearly grown.

One day she heard a gobble.  
She gave a kelping sound.  
Here came a turkey,  
strutting all around.



He was a handsome turkey!  
And he had a fine song!  
So Jane thought she would stay with him  
all day long.





Jane went and made a nest.  
And then in the spring,  
she laid six eggs and settled down  
to see what time would bring.

She clicked and kelped, she sat and sat.  
She sat on them for weeks.  
Until one day Jane heard  
six little “peeps.”



# CAN YOU FIND ME?



**caterpillar hunter beetle**

What do you think  
*my* favorite food is?



**sun**

On rainy days I'm  
still shining above  
the clouds.

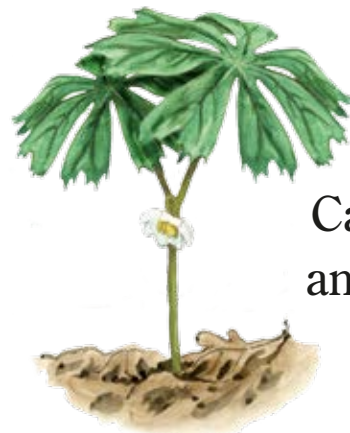
**lichen**

Look for me  
on trees and rocks.



**pileated woodpecker**

My call sounds  
like a wild laugh.  
Listen for it  
in the woods.



**mayapple**

Can you guess why I  
am sometimes called  
an umbrella plant?



**morel**

I am one of the  
mushrooms  
that is good  
to eat.



**great horned owl**

If you hear eight  
soft "hoots" at night,  
that is my call.



**moon**

I may look as if I  
change but I'm always  
the same round shape.

**jumping  
lynx spider**

Can you guess  
how I catch *my* food?



**gall**

Look for me  
on plants in  
the fall.



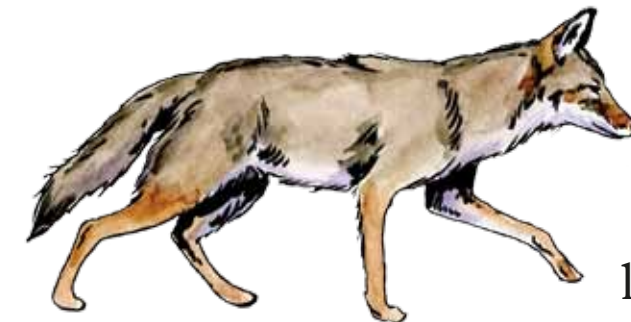
**poison ivy**

Look but don't  
touch! My  
leaves change  
color from green to  
bright red in the fall.



**coyote**

Can you bark,  
yip and howl  
like a coyote?







**polyphemus  
cocoon**

What a surprise!  
I go in my cocoon  
as a caterpillar  
and come out as  
a beautiful moth.



**storm clouds**

We may look dark and  
gloomy but we bring  
the water that every  
living thing needs.



**polyphemus caterpillar**

I eat and eat and eat and  
eat. I rest for a bit and then  
eat and eat and eat again!



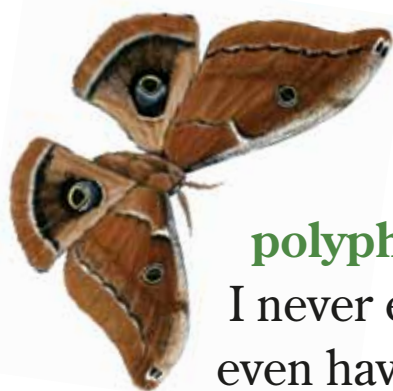
**gray treefrog**

My feet help me  
climb up trees,  
rocks, windows  
and walls!



**acorn**

Listen for the sound  
I make when I fall  
from an oak tree.



**polyphemus moth**

I never eat! I don't  
even have a mouth.



JOHN GRIFFIN lives in Millersburg,  
If you would like to know.  
He was the conservation agent there,  
Many years ago.

He wrote this turkey story,  
For every girl and boy  
To tell their friends the turkey's life  
For others to enjoy.

John cuts the wood from ancient trees  
For guitars and violins  
And plays a tune, *Turkey in the Straw*,  
Every now and then.

*Turkey in the straw, ha ha ha!*  
*Turkey in the hay, what do you say?*  
*Bullfrog dancin' with his mother-in-law*  
*While we play a little tune called Turkey in the Straw.*



MARK RAITHEL is a wildlife artist with the  
Missouri Department of Conservation. He's been  
painting and drawing since he was a young boy.

Today, Mark lives in the country with his  
wife, two sons and a couple of dogs that roam  
about. They all splash and fish in the pond, hunt  
for mushrooms in the woods and listen to wild  
turkeys that wander in the fields.





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